

A Compendium

OF THE FOUR DISPOSITIONS WHICH INFLUENCE THE HUMAN FRAME:

<i>A Man of a</i>	<i>Sanguine Disposition</i>	<i>Choleric Disposition</i>	<i>Melancholic Disposition</i>	<i>Phlegmatic Disposition</i>
is inclined to.....	Voluptuousness	Ambition	Avarice	Laziness.....
particularly in.....	Youth	Manhood	Age	Old Age.....
In the Ecclesiastical State.....is..	Caressing, Insinuating... ..	Haughty.....	Interested	Indolent
In the Secular State.....is..	Affable, Courteous.....	Restless	Usurious	Unsociable.....
In Domestic Affairs.. ..is..	Complying.....	Prying, exact	Severe	Slow and easy.....
In Walking goes as one.....	Dancing	With firm step	Thoughtful.....	Burdened
In his Dress loves	Variety	Magnificence	Simplicity	Negligence.....
In Eating.....is..	Nice in his Taste	Sumptuous.....	Moderate.....	A Glutton
In his Deportment.....is..	Sprightly	Serious	Heavy	Clumsy.....
In the Epistolary Style.....is..	Prolix.....	Concise	Profound	Unintelligible.....
In Conversation.....is..	Copious.....	Pathetic	Pensive	Simple, Shallow
In Prayer	Sincere	Hypocritical	Devout	Careless
In Religion.....is..	Apt to change.....	Inquisitive	Zealous	Superstitious
In the Capacity of a Superior.....is..	Compassionate	Imperious	Suspicious	Abashed
In his Expences.....is..	Prodigal	Careful	Covetous	Indifferent
In his Occupations	Inconstant.....	Cautious	Assiduous	Slow
In Company.....is..	Sociable	Proud	Peevish	Insupportable
In Trade.....is..	Credulous	Equitable	Selfish	Tedious
In rendering Services.....is..	Willing	Of a contradictory temper..	Reserved	Aukward
In Prosperity.....is..	Immoderate	Puffed up with pride	Mistrustful	Supine.....
In Adversity	Discouraged	Bold	Downcast.....	Unconcerned
In Danger	Imprudent	Prudent.....	Despairing	Timorous
In Arts	Ingenious	Envious	Industrious	Stupid
In Sciences.....is..	Docile	Penetrating.....	Persevering	Forgetful
In Warfare.....is..	Terrified	Daring	Furious.....	A Coward
Is to be governed	Lenity	Shame	Hunger	Blows
In his Conduct.....is..	Sincere	Dissembling	Shy	A Lyar.....
In his Humours	Playful	Violent.....	Sullen.....	Accommodating to all

This Compendium is translated from the Works of Dr. Boerner, a German.

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Mary Smith: being -

Miscellaneous

P O E M S.

*** O ***

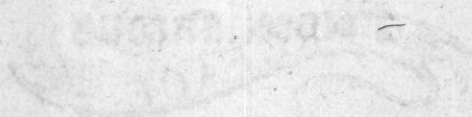
To do good and to communicate is gain
To all the virtuous--to the vicious--pain;
Let then no vicious critic cause a tear
From female eyes--by being too severe.

*** O ***



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REPORT

The following report was prepared by the
Department of the Interior, Bureau of
Geological Survey, for the purpose of
providing information regarding the
geological resources of the United States.

The report is divided into two main parts,
the first of which is a general description
of the geological resources of the United
States, and the second of which is a
description of the geological resources of
the various States and Territories.
The first part of the report is divided
into three sections, the first of which
is a description of the geological
resources of the United States, the
second of which is a description of the
geological resources of the various
States and Territories, and the third
of which is a description of the
geological resources of the various
States and Territories.

A decorative banner with the word "PREFACE." written in a serif font. The banner is adorned with ornate scrollwork and floral motifs on both sides.

THE EDITOR of this publication thinks it right to make some apology to her *Friends* for having so long withheld from them an anticipated gratification, in which she hopes they will not be disappointed....viz. the perusal of the following Poems...and she cannot but think it an indispensable duty which she owes to them and herself in particular, to assign the reason for the delay.

In her proposals for publishing, &c. she declared her sole motive was "TO DO GOOD AND TO COMMUNICATE,"——a sentiment more particularly adopted in consequence of having very strong reasons to believe she should be able to grace her volume, as well as gratify her friends, by publishing an elegant poem written by an acquaintance, entitled "AN EPISTLE ON REVEALED RELIGION ; but has to lament that after having sent a printed proposal for her publication to the author, with a letter, requesting all convenient expedition in the revision and correction of the work, she had the mortification to receive an answer which instantly banished

every idea she, for some weeks, had promised herself would soon be realized, and upon which principally the thought of becoming a publisher was founded, as the epistle, alone, was calculated to afford profit as well as pleasure.

The EDITOR thus disappointed in her expectations, has suffered some inconvenience, to say nothing of the disagreeable situation in which she is placed by the consequent necessity of this apology: an apology due not only to her *Friends*, and the *Public* in general, but more especially so to many highly respectable CLERGY as well as GENTLEMEN of the first literature, who have condescended to honour her with their names in her list of subscribers.

It would greatly have contributed to the satisfaction of the EDITOR to have made known the names of the several authors, whose works she has been favoured with, but as some of them particularly requested they might not appear in print, it is hoped the reader will receive satisfactory gratification from the compositions themselves, which is the only recompence the Publisher is anxious to obtain.

Who proudly scorn the public's approbation,
May well expect their future condemnation.

To the Reader.

“ POETRY, has been accounted the most peculiar of all the liberal arts ; and it is the only *one*, in the circle of literature, which a man of common capacity cannot by mere dint of constant application, become master of——The most exalted prose writers that ever graced the learned world, have rendered themselves liable to ridicule in their addresses to the MUSES.”

“ THE great CICERO, not less famous for the elegance of his style than for his universal knowledge, was a remarkable instance of the truth of this observation...and the wonder ceases, if what a celebrated Critic * says be true, that to constitute a POET requires “ *an elevation of soul, that depends not only on art and study, but must be also THE GIFT OF HEAVEN.*” If this be the case, we cannot be at a loss to assign a reason why some (comparatively speaking) illiterate men, have been the sublimest POETS of the age they lived in.”

“ THERE is a pleasing *Je ne sais quoi* in the productions of poetic genius, which is easier felt than

* Rapin.

described.—It is the voice of nature in the POET, operating like a charm on the soul of the reader.—It is the harmonious conception, the noble wildness, the lofty sentiment, the fire and enthusiasm of spirit, the lively imagery, the exquisite choice of words, the variety, sweetness, and majesty of numbers, and the irresistible magic of expression. The prose writer, may indeed warm his reader with a serene and steady fire, he may keep up his attention with the energetic, and flowing period—But the POET's part is to wrap him in a flame—to dissolve him, as it were, in his own rapturous blaze ! It is his to lift him to Heaven, or plunge him into the gloom of Tartarus.—It is his, to unveil to him the secrets of the deep, or to exhibit to his mind, all the novelty of this varied world—To carry him back into the darkness of antiquity, or waft him forwards into the vast expanse of futurity—and finally to inspire him with the patriot's glow, or fire his soul with the heavenly ideas of moral beauty, and all the varied passions of Love, Fear, Terror, Compassion, &c*."

SUCH is the genuine POET, when improved by the precepts of art, and the works of such have been

* The above was written by a Gentleman who died in his 26th year, and has been inserted to shew the author's just conception and feeling of a true poetic genius.

the continual delight of mankind, as they afford the sublimest intellectual enjoyment. With such, to tread the flowery fields of imagination, and gather the rich fruits of knowledge, is HAPPINESS indeed!

BUT it is rare that such *natural geniuses* are seen to arrive at this envied height. Some obstacle clogs their wings, and retards their progress. Frequently those to whom nature has been thus bountiful, have not leisure to attend to the cultivation of their talents—frequently like the rose in the wilderness, they just bloom, and wither away in obscurity; sometimes, alas! the iron hand of death suddenly arrests them, just as their blooming beauties were bursting forth, and deprive us of the delicious fruit we were naturally led to expect from the luxuriance of the blossom.



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Poems.

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TO

THE REVEREND MINISTERS

OF

THE GOSPEL

As it is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

THE

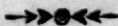
FOLLOWING POEM

is with all dutiful

Submission and Respect,

humbly inscribed, by their truly devoted, obliged and
obedient Servant,

THE-AUTHOR.



YE REV'REND PASTORS of *Britannia's Isle*,
Accept this humble tribute, free from guile ;
Ye who will ne'er with-hold all due applause,
To the supporters of God's righteous laws ;

With all due def'rence—I your suppliant bend,
“Reveal'd Religion's Advocate and Friend;”
In which *great Cause*, may we stand firm and sure,
He'll gain the prize who to the end endure;
But first—To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Let us appeal—'Then face the rebel host:
Tho' God in thunder speaks and shakes the pole,
'Tis *guilt* that trembles—Not the *pious* Soul:
Yet well I know—Alas! our nature's frail,
And vice o'er virtue does too much prevail;
What man dare say—I'm whole—I'm clean
within,
When ev'ry child of Adam's born in sin;
Since then, to sin we are by nature prone,
Where must we fly, but to the Grand Triune?
In humble hopes our dear Redeemer's Love,
Will all our guilt and sin at once remove:
Oh! blessed Jesu!—source of ev'ry good,
Who shed for guilty man thy precious blood;
To thee let us the humble off'ring give,
Of praise continual whilst on earth we live:

A sacrifice by which God is well pleas'd¹,
 A sacrifice by which our burden's eas'd ;
 Let VIRTUE then be our supreme delight,
 For Jesus' yoke and burden both are light.
 Oh virtue ! fix thy precepts in my heart,
 For thou alone cans't real joys impart ;
 By conscious virtue, human ills we brave,
 Whilst vice, makes ev'ry votary her slave :
 Oh ! turn then sinners from your wicked ways,
 To virtue, which gives life, and length of days ;
 Virtue alone will fortify the soul,
 And ev'ry vicious passion will controul.
 Shou'd vice attack you---tell her with a frown,
 " By others faults, I will correct my own ;
 " Nor ever more will run thy baneful course,
 " And bring upon myself God's dreadful curse ;
 " My future conduct shall most clearly prove,
 " I hate thee vice, and virtue only love."——
 And here—most REV'REND SIRS, with def'rence due
 May I presume to give a hint to You?——

¹ Hebrews chap. 13. v. 15, 16.

'To your *high office*, pay a due regard,
 The more your zeal, the greater your reward!
 Shou'd you perceive alas! that vice abound,
 Double your ardour! be still more profound,
 In pray'r to God, your labours may succeed
 To turn your flocks from ev'ry vicious deed,
 And thought and word, which in their hearts
 remain,

And cleanse their souls from ev'ry guilty stain.
 I may enquire,—But, much I fear to search,
 Why there are such dissensions from our church;
 Lest I shou'd find, *lukewarmness*, is one cause,——
 Another,——*disobedience* to her laws!
 Lukewarmness! disobedience! whence? from
 who?

From the ESTABLISH'D CLERGY!—is this true?
 No!——?t must be in the LAITY—not you. }
 You who are Shepherds, need not to be told,
 To watch the Sheep committed to your fold:
 You well must know, whene'er the *Shepherds* stray,
 Their *Sheep* oft wander on the broad highway;
 Altho' that way does to destruction lead:
 Then you who are the SHEPHERD, PASTOR, HEAD!

Guard well your charge, as *Ministers of God*,
 Lest final ruin, or the dreadful rod,
 Of vengeance, (which no pow'r on earth can lave)
 Should scourge those souls, your vigilance might
 save.

Here let me stop the progress of my pen,
 Ere I offend those REV'REND, worthy men,
 Whom, it were impious in me to blame,
 Because I know, no doctrine will reclaim,
 Or virtuous precepts turn, the harden'd heart,
 Of some poor wretches—till they feel the smart,
 And languish in the agonies of death;
 And then, (*perhaps too late*) with their last breath,
 To GOD and CHRIST, with piteous voice will cry,
 For mercy on their souls, before they die!
 At this sad scene—Sure vice might stand appall'd
 And *Christians* learn to be no more intrall'd:
 Flee then from vice to virtue—banish sin,
 Your peace and conscience will be calm within.
 These doctrines, Rev'rend Sirs, I know you teach,
 And practice too (I hope) as well as preach:

Wherefore, that I no longer may intrude,
Two couplets shall my well-meant verse conclude :
May God, and ev'ry hearer you address,
Your piety, your zeal, and labours bless ;
May *you* and *them* live well, and die in love,
And be translated to, THE REALMS ABOVE.

B.



ON FRIENDSHIP.

The following poem was addressed to a friend who had asked the Author to favour him with his sentiments on Friendship, and was taken from a magazine published many years since; but as it has undergone several *material* alterations, and is upon a subject which has ever been held by the *wise* and *good* in the highest estimation; it cannot be deemed improper to give it a place in this publication :

“ A Friend is worth all hazards we can run.
 “ Poor is the Friendless Master of a world:
 “ A World in purchase for a Friend is gain.”

YOUNG.

When you have found so rich a jewel, cherish it as the *best* gift of heaven! Let not length of time or casual separation cause neglect: A TRUE FRIEND will confer obligations without sinister views; and the *proper* object of Friendship will *never* forget them!

“ Deliberate on all things with thy Friend.
 “ But since Friends grow not thick on ev’ry bough,
 “ Nor ev’ry Friend unrotten at the Core;
 “ First, on thy Friend, delib’rate with thyself;
 “ Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
 “ Nor jealous of the chosen: Fixing, Fix;
 “ Judge before Friendship; then confide ’till death.”

YOUNG.

You ask what’s FRIENDSHIP?—’tis the link which
 binds,

Unites and forms the harmony of minds;
 Makes them with sympathizing raptures glow,
 Or move like answ’ring unisons in woe;

Early

13

While fortune smiles—what numbers crowd around,
Stoop where you tread, and kiss the hallow'd ground :
But shou'd the fickle goddess chance to frown,
And from that dazzling summit hurl thee down ;
Soon wou'd'st thou find in thy inverted year,
Those swallows of thy summer disappear.

So frail is human nature——None can be

In any state, exempt from misery !

And oft by trials most severe are driv'n

To find a Friend or taste the joys of Heav'n :

Review thro' *nature's works*, with cautious eye,

The earth, th' embracing deep, the starry sky ;

All seem by *her* in one firm union join'd,

And are, *no doubt* to one great end design'd.

Behold the central sun majestic reign

Attended by his planetary train.

See round him with what harmony they roll

Dependant, like the body on the soul :

In peace *he* holds his undisputed seat,

And liberally deals them light and heat ;

Like Friendship's pow'r—His strong attractive
force,

In concord leads them thro' their circling course :

Which bond destroy'd—they'd in confusion fall

And one great ruin wou'd o'erwhelm them all.

Yet *man*, alas ! from this fair order strays,

By erring passion led thro' devious ways ;

Rejecting Friendship's aid, *he's* headlong hurl'd,

Amidst the tumult of a jarring world ;

Hence the disorder which around appears
 Intestine broils, black jealousies and fears :
 Destructive war, from hence receives its birth
 And man sweeps off his image from the earth !
 From such *examples*—Let the wiser few,
 This melancholy scene with pity view ;
 Display the beauties of a friendly mind,
 And claim those joys which heav'n for man
 design'd :

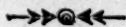
May all my pow'r promote the glorious scheme,
 And my FRIEND'S FRIENDSHIP be, my darling
 theme,

In all the luxury of love we'll live,
 Pleas'd with those joys which Friendship's hand
 can give ;

Thus as along the lovely course we move,
 Share ev'ry sorrow, ev'ry joy improve,
 For joys participated will increase

As grief by *Friendship's voice* is lull'd to peace :

+ Oh ! could we see those blissful times regain'd,
 When FRIENDSHIP pure and unsuspected reign'd ;
 Vice from the world affrighted wou'd remove
 And Eden's garden smile in ev'ry grove.

The Wizard of the Rock.

Within a cave, by nature's hands,
 Scoop'd from a solid craggy stone ;
 Near which the *Derwent's* margin stands,
 An hoary HERMIT dwelt alone.

Tho' age had silver'd o'er his head,
 Yet beam'd his eyes with youthful glow ;
 A flowing beard, his breast o'erspread,
 That vied in whiteness with the snow.

His arching brow was wisdom's throne,
 Yet grief had planted furrows there ;
 His cheeks, where mild compassion shone,
 Had been bedew'd with many a tear.

RELIGION visited his cell ;
 Meek ~~resignation~~ came along ;

With him the virtues lov'd to dwell
Sequester'd from the noisy throng.

To neighb'ring swains the man was dear,
(For swains the man of virtue love ;)
By some he was yclep'd the SEER ;
By some the HERMIT OF THE GROVE.

But boys, who near the silver wave
Of *Derwent* watch'd the bleating flock,
And saw him in his stony cave,
Call'd him the WIZARD OF THE ROCK.

Nor yet could simple Shepherds tell
From whence or how he thither came ;
Some thought that from the clouds he fell,
Some thought he rose from out the stream.

Some said he was a mermaid's child,
And sprang from out the ocean's deep,
Because as soon as summer smil'd,
He sought the sea beat shore—to weep.

It imports not, what was his name,
Or how, or whence, the Wizard sprung;
Yet far for cunning, was his fame,
And learning dwelt upon his tongue.

If wither'd hag with crooked thumb,
To kids, or cows wou'd threaten harm;
To him the milk-maids all wou'd come,
Against the witch, to get a charm.

If pacing dapple waxed poor,
Or if disorder thin'd the flock,
The neighbours for advice or cure,
Would seek the WIZARD OF THE ROCK.

But when disease her ruthless hand,
Upon the hapless peasant laid;
Beside the gloomy couch he'd stand,
And gently press the aching head.

The horrors of the troubled breast
His holy doctrine wou'd remove;

He'd open scenes of endless rest,
Of joy ineffable and love.

Upon his words persuasion hung,
That lull'd the sinner to repose,
The music of his pious tongue,
With peace th' expiring scene cou'd close.

Much too, he lov'd the youthful train,
Their innocence his bosom warm'd ;
Oft, gath'ring round him on the plain,
They drank instruction, and were charm'd.

At once a Parent, Friend and Guide,
He'd hold up *Virtue* to their view ;
Their follies tenderly he'd chide,
Then mark the paths they shou'd pursue.

Still, dearest object of his care
The lov'd Matilda list'ning stood ;
Herself unconscious she was fair,
And wishing only to be good.

Oft as the Wizard rais'd his eye
To gaze upon her op'ning charms,
While from his bosom stole a sigh,
He'd press her in his aged arms.

“Such (wou'd he say,) had fate been kind
“My lov'd Elvira now had shone,”
Then, to the will of heav'n resign'd,
He'd strive to check the rising groan.

As dear as ever father lov'd
An only child, he held the maid;
Nor ever tend'rest daughter prov'd
More grateful in the thanks she paid.

As on the bleak Atlantic shore
His annual tears the Wizard shed,
For those his eyes could see no more,
Immers'd in ocean's deepest bed.

With anguish bending o'er a grave,
The lovely Orphan there he found;

He stretch'd the arm that lov'd to save,
And rais'd the mourner from the ground.

And to a calm, sequester'd plain,
He led the drooping child of woe,
With tenderest care he sooth'd her pain,
And made her sorrows cease to flow.

Beneath an aged Matron's care,
(The matron too had sorrows known)
He plac'd the little prattling fair,
And bade to raise her as her own.

As she grew up, with ev'ry grace,
Matilda's spotless form was bless'd ;
Beam'd sweetness in her angel face,
And pity, virtue, warm'd her breast.

So from the tempest beaten plain,
The drooping willow, bent to earth,
Transplanted by the curious swain,
Revives and spreads its foilage forth.

Oft did she seek the hoary sage
When night around, its gloom had spread,
She listen'd to the words of age,
And in her heart his precepts laid.

With learning's lore her mind was stor'd,
Its volumes open'd to her view;
The dark historic page explor'd,
And thence sublimest morals drew:

When vice, triumphant, bath'd in blood,
Oppress'd meek virtue by its power;
He pointed where the furies stood
The fell destroyer to devour.

When kingdoms totter'd to decay,
When empires in the dust were laid;
He pointed where corruption lay,
And all its sad effects display'd.

But when some peaceful Antonine
The drooping widow'd virtues rais'd,

He dwelt with rapture on the line,
And said "such deeds the seraphs prais'd."

He too did nature's page unfold;
Its wonders, order, beauty shew'd;
Taught how creation was controul'd,
And whence that beauty, order, flow'd.

Thus while with transport and surprise,
In pleasing paths Matilda trod,
He bade her raise her wond'ring eyes.
From *"nature's works, to nature's God."*

Yet not, to books alone confin'd
From them were all his precepts brought;
The Wizard stor'd her pliant mind
With lessons that experience taught.

The moving tale, he'd sometimes feign,
Of sorrow, for her list'ning ear;
Enjoy awhile her virtuous pain,
Then kiss away the starting tear.



He painted once the villain's art,
 To ruin the believing maid;
 As at an adder, did she start,—
 To think the picture true,—afraid!

The Wizard mark'd the downcast eye,
 He thought it dropt a silent tear;
 Her bosom catch'd the stifled sigh,—
 He fear'd some secret passion there!

'Twas so!—her unsuspecting breast,
 As tender as the cooing dove,
 Had taken in a little guest,
 But never knew that guest was Love!

Oft, by the moonlight, on the plains,
 (Before she knew man cou'd ensnare)
 She met Leander, pride of swains,
 But truth and innocence were there.

The rising blush its crimson gave,
 She fear'd to meet the Wizard's view;

She trembling left the rocky cave,
And to the neighb'ring grove she flew.

Leander met her near the grove,
And caught her in his faithful arms!
“ And comes, he said, and comes my Love,
To bless me with her blooming charms.

“ And is it love——And has no snare,
Been by Leander's treach'ry laid?
Alas!——I have been taught to fear!
Yet——cou'dst thou wound an helpless maid?

“ By Heaven, he cry'd, by all the powr's
That rule yon starry sphere above,
This tender heart is only yours,
And beats with nought but purest love!

“ What impious wretch, what fiend wou'd dare
To trample virtue's sacred shrine?
To spread for innocence, a snare,
Or wound a soul so bright as thine?

“ By honor’s ever sacred name;
By love, by truth, by *thee*, I swear,
Not purer blazes virtue’s flame
Within thy spotless breast,—than here !

“ Then list, Leander ” (thus reply’d
Matilda to the gazing youth ;)

“ I know not how my thoughts to hide,
Or to disguise the voice of truth.

“ No father’s fost’ring hand I drew
To guide my uninstructed heart,
To point where fraud or falsehood grew,
And shield me from the flatt’rer’s art.

“ No mother’s bright example led
My infant steps in virtue’s lore !
The sea weed form’d Matilda’s bed.
Upon the bleak Atlantic shore.

“ The spot a wand’ring peasant found,
Compassion warm’d his rugged breast,

He rais'd me from the surge beat ground,
And lull'd a little wretch to rest.

“ While prattl'd yet my artless years,
My Benefactor sought the grave ;
Ah ! nought avail'd my ceaseless tears,
Too weak to succour, or to save.

“ I saw him wreathe ;——I heard him sigh,
I prest with trembling hand his head,
And as he clos'd the dying eye,
For me the last sad tear was shed.

“ Cast on the world's extended stage,
Again deserted and forlorn,
No friend to guard my orphan age,
From ev'ry hope and comfort torn.

“ My pray'rs kind heav'n in pity heard,
And sent a friend——the friend of woe ;
The Wizard of the Rock appear'd,
And bid my sorrows cease to flow.

“ ’Twas *he* that form’d my tender youth,
With all a parent’s anxious care;
He pointed out the paths of truth,
And bid my steps to follow there.

“ His lib’ral hand my wants supplies,
For me are paid his daily pray’rs;
And shall I, from his aged eyes,
By disobedience call the tears?

“ Forbid it gratitude and love,
That such unfilial deed be mine;
Let him Leander’s vows approve,
And then Matilda will be thine.”

“ Immortal pow’rs!” exclaim’d the swain,
And clasp’d her in his warm embrace;
“ ’Tis she!—the wond’rous mark is plain,.....
Alcanor’s eye—Elvira’s grace.

Long lost,—lamented, lovely maid;
Quick let us seek the Wizard’s cave;

But ah !——Oh ever honor'd shade !
Why hast thou burst thy watry grave ?

“ What deed of mine disturbs thy rest,
Protector of my early youth ?
Thy precepts grav'd upon my breast,
Have made me follow honour, truth !

“ Yet soft ;——upon those hoary brows,
No threat'ning sullen frowns appear !
Alcanor, smile upon my vows
Before thou melt'st in fleeting air !”

“ Yes—bless ye both,”——the Wizard cry'd ;
(For he the tender scene had view'd)
Each earthly wish is now enjoy'd,
Thus Heav'n rewards the just and good.

“ Dear pledge of my Elvira's love !
And *did* the storm my infant spare ?
No more Matilda now shall prove,
The Wizard's, but the Father's care.

“ Oft, as we trac’d instructions line,
While yet thy infant summers shone ;
I’ve gaz’d upon thy charms divine,
Nor dream’d the treasure was my own.

“ Oh ! sacred be the peasant’s tomb,
Whose gentle breast preserv’d my child ;
There may the vernal flow’rets bloom,
By no unhallow’d step defil’d.

“ Arise, LEANDER, to thy arms !
Thy friend, ALCANOR is restor’d ;
And see,—my daughter’s op’ning charms,
Await to bless her bosom’s Lord !”



ON THE

Hurricane in the West Indies,
1781.

When nature's God (for causes that have claimed
Unerring wisdom's audit) bids arise
His ministers of vengeance, quick they fly
With rage vindictive to obey the mandate ;
Spread unremitting devastation round,
And on creation's fairest work imprint
The seal of horror ; who can check the sigh ?
Each sympathetic heart must wail th' effect,
Yet reverence the Hand that gave the blow.——

Mild was the scene, and ev'ry wind was hush'd
In gentle silence, thro' the gladden'd isles
No foe was dreaded, no alarm was fear'd,
But tranquil peace sat smiling on each brow ;

Th' expanded heart in rapt'rous bursts display'd
 The all-balsamic power of content,
 When on a sudden, low'ring clouds deface
 With sable gloom, the azure canopy,
 Rude Boreas hisses thro' the leafy shade,
 And on the rocks the foaming surges dash,
 Till echo from unfathom'd depths replies :
 Loud claps of thunder stun th' astonish'd ear,
 While by the rapid light'ning's livid glare
 The eye is struck with parent nature's pangs
 Struggling in vain beneath confusion's arm.

See the tall ship! that swan-like proudly sail'd,
 And with contempt out-brav'd the winds and tide,
 From anchor driv'n, here ungovern'd rolls,
 In vain each nerve is strain'd, each sinew try'd;
 Behold the lofty mast, like school boy's kite
 At pleasure toss'd by frantic tempests rage;
 Hark! the bolts fly, and rifted beams admit
 The briny passport to eternity :
 The yawning gulph with wide rapacious jaws,
 As but a morsel, snatches all from sight.

Nor better fares the land—scatter'd around
In second chaos, lie a motley throng,
Torn from his roots, the monarch of the wood
Now lowly lies, beneath the shrub he scorn'd.
Ye greatly wretched ! how a few short hours
Have blasted all your happy rising views ;
He who in ease and affluence then sat,
And from superfluous board supply'd the wants
Of bare necessity, with hand benign,
Now lacks himself a charitable shed
To screen him from the angry elements.
Th' affrighted animals for shelter fly,
But fly in vain—no hospitable roof
Receives 'em now, by desolation's rage
All's levell'd with the earth from whence they
came.

Spite of tremendous horrors, on the beach
Where the sea glutted with its prey, in shoals
Disgorges back to sight the mangled dead ;
Behold a train, the genuine sons of woe,
What anguish tears the parent's hapless breast ?

What pangs the tender lover's bosom rends?
Fond, fond remembrance now augments the stroke,
And universal sorrow fills the shore.

But BRITONS, now if you'll deserve the name
Of gen'rous, kind, and noble, stretch a hand
Of pity to unparallel'd distress.
Let not the widow's tears be shed in vain,
Spurn not the supplicating orphan's pray'r;
Be now yourselves, and to the wond'ring world
Shew that to valour you adopt a mate
The first of virtues, SWEET HUMANITY.

B.



WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN

on hearing

The tolling of a passing Bell.

" When self esteem, or other's adulation,
 " Wou'd cunningly persuade us we are something
 " Above the common level of our kind,
 " The *grave* gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flattery,
 " And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are."

ROBERT BLAIR.

'Tis o'er, 'tis o'er, and number'd with the dead
 ACASTO lies;—the vital spirit fled.
 Nought now remains—and let it check thy pride,
 And earth's vain splendors teach thee to deride,
 Nought now remains of him who much possess'd,——
 Let the thought flash conviction on thy breast,——
 But the poor shell, which shortly in the mould
 Must rot forgotten, comfortless, and cold :
 By all forsaken, and forsaking all
 Fortune's frail goods——a shadow on the wall !

This awful truth the teacher death can tell,
Whose stroke impels the mournful tolling bell ;
Tells us aloud, in solemn sounding strain,
That all things here are transient and vain :
Tells us that all the rich man's hoarded wealth,
The gay one's pleasures, and the young one's health,
Fade like the meteors of the northern sky ;
That now are bright, and in a moment—die.
Even they who sweep the full harmonious lyre,
They who by science to the heavens aspire,
Look through creation, and can tell the cause
Of light and motion, and explain their laws ;
The laws that planets in their spheres sustain,
And whirl them rapid o'er the etherial plain ;
Of centripetal, centrifugal force,
That roll the comets on their devious course ;
Know all the secrets of the air and deep,
The min'ral kingdom, and the "Bow'r of sleep ;"
They who know much, and they who little know,
Meet the same fate, the same unerring blow :
For soon to kindred dust must all return,
Pride, pomp, and power, but fill an earthy urn ;

Even one short moment ends what pleas'd before,
 When light, and thought, and life itself are o'er.
 And is there then no refuge from the tomb?
 No art to lengthen, life's hygiean bloom?
 No sov'reign med'cine for the *great* or *wise*
 To change th' eternal mandate of the skies?
 Shall all that gave or *Love*, or *Friendship* birth,
 All that enchains us to our parent earth
 Perish at once? Enquirer, lend thine ear,
 And mark this truth, the muses bid thee hear,
We all must die:—such is the fix'd decree
 Of heaven, on the first man's posterity.—
 Yet ere that life, and all its prospects end,
 Make CHRIST thine advocate, make GOD thy friend.
 Lo! REVELATION shows a future shore,
 When *genius*, *learning*, *science* are no more.
 Act well thy part, howe'er that part be cast,
 And humbly hope—for heaven's own bliss at last,
 Bring to thy God sincerity of soul,
 Nor fear but *mercy* will pronounce thee *whole*.
 For of perfection short—as short we must
 While Adam's offspring are allied to dust—

Yet if with pious aim thou do thy best,
Fear not but *mercy* will supply the rest.
Strive thou to journey through life's tearful vale,
As calm and gentle as the morning gale,
That flies serenely mild, in whispers low,
And o'er the tender herb is scarcely heard to blow.
Thus soft, thus placid, keep thy equal mind,
In perfect charity with all mankind.
With steady zeal the scripture's path pursue,
Nor change old doctrines for opinions new.
In early youth imbibe the *sacred page*,
And form thy judgment ere the approach of age—
Bind the pure dictates on thy changeless breast,
And say to frenzied zealots——“*Here I rest!*”
Where reason fails, on faith's triumphant wing,
Mount to those comforts which no bard can sing;
Led on by her, from strength to strength ascend,
And gain a glimpse of joys that never end.
Where choiring spirits, free from mortal stains,
With seraph raptures sing MESSIAH REIGNS!
And angel *Hope* proclaims in strain divine,
“*If faithful to thy Master, these abodes are thine!*”

Yes *thine, whoe'er thou art*, if on this plan
 Thou serve thy God, with kindness live to man,
 To Brothers acting all the Brother's part,
 With prompt o'erflowing *charity of heart*.
 Still cherish *hope*, soft soother of the breast ;
 The friend of solitude,—of worth distress'd—
 Parent of joys ! consoler of the hour
 When pain, or poverty, assert their power,
 Heav'n's last best gift ! that in the mortal life,
 Superior stands, and points ETERNAL LIFE !

N.



CONTEMPLATIVE THOUGHTS ON A
SUMMER'S EVENING.

—••—
BY A LADY.
—••—

The sun now sinks beneath the western wave,
And twilight veils the prospects of the day ;
The moon just rising from her wat'ry cave,
Emits a feeble melancholy ray.

Minerva's bird with slow and solemn flight
From yonder time-shook tow'r now wings her
way ;

She loves the cool and silent hour of night,
And shuns the blazing glories of the day.

With joy I hail calm contemplation's hour,
The world shut out I love to dwell with thee
Religion! heaven-born child : all plastic pow'r,
Oh ! keep from sin thy willing votress free.

Lift up my soul above this groveling earth,
These "lying cheating vanities of life;"
Oh bring me quickly to the second birth,
And shield me from each gay temptation's strife.

Oh guard my youth from pleasures flow'ry path,
Learn me betimes to give my heart to *Thee*;
Protect me from the Father's vengeful wrath,
Nor let the *Saviour* die in vain for me.

Still, as I tread thro' life's uneven road,
Do thou direct and regulate my way;
Teach me to find Messiah's blest abode,
To gain the mansions of eternal day.



THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.



THE death-bell tolls!—the village train draws
near

With solemn step attending DAMON's bier!
From each sad eye the streams of sorrow flow,
From each sad bosom bursts the sigh of woe.

Slow they approach to yonder shatter'd fane,
That rears its tottering spire o'er the plain;
There, no proud tomb erects its sculptur'd head,
To blazen forth the titles of the dead;
No pompous vault expects his sad remains,
No mitre'd prelate chaunts the solemn strains;
No deep-ton'd organ swells the mournful note,
No choral voices on the night breeze float;
No fun'ral torches spread the lurid glare,
No venal mourner sheds the purchas'd tear;
No sable crowds perform the studied part,
But deep affliction dwells in every heart!

Now, by the grave, the melancholy band,
In sadly pensive silence take their stand ;
The corpse committed to its native clay,
With pious care, each mournful rite they pay ;
With trembling hands the tear dew'd sods they
spread,

And gently press them o'er their much lov'd dead.

“ Soft be thy slumbers, (says yon man of years,)
Thou wak'st no more amid this vale of tears,
No more thy breast shall feel the sting of woe,
Unfelt by thee, the wintry storms shall blow ;
Unknown to thee, the vernal flow'rs shall bloom,
Nor spring, nor storms affect the silent tomb ;
Yet shall thy mem'ry live in every heart
Where *pity* dwells, or *virtue* bears a part ;
Still, to thy grave, with each returning spring,
The village train their choicest wreaths shall
bring ;
The breast of sympathy the sigh shall pay,
And tears of gratitude bedew thy clay ;
Far from this sacred spot let slander fly,
Here sleeps the SON OF SENSIBILITY !”

Now shrouded in the earth their much lov'd dead,
 And each sad tribute to his relics paid,
 The pensive peasants measure back the plain,
 A sadly, silent, melancholy train!

But lo!—one solitary mourner stays,
 And o'er the grave his lonely sorrow pays,
 Beside yon oak whose thunder stricken head,
 Majestic nods o'er DAMON's humble bed,
 Behold the youth in deepest anguish bend,
 To kiss the sods that press his mould'ring friend.
 "STRANGER, he says, if e'er thy pitying eye,
 Could give a tear, thy bosom prompt a sigh;
 (When virtue sunk neglected, to the tomb,)
 With pious step, approach this sacred gloom.

Here DAMON sleeps, no stone to tell his name;
 No sculptur'd line his merits to proclaim;
 Cold, is the pillow that supports his head,
 And deep the shades that wrap his silent bed;
 Still, is the heart which throb'd for other's woe,
 Clos'd are those eyes, where mercy us'd to glow;

Pale as the drooping image on yon stone,
 The cheeks where meek compassion ever shone ;
 Nerveless that hand which wip'd the mourner's tear,
 And snatch'd the child of anguish from despair ;
 Mute are those lips from whence instruction flow'd,
 No longer throbs that breast where virtue glow'd.
 Within yon cot, where silent sorrow reigns,
 Once dwelt the Parent of the peaceful plains ;
 Stain'd by no tear, save those which pity shed,
 The pious sage, his guiltless moments led.

One tender maid, the daughter of his cares,
 With filial fondness watch'd his hoary years !
 Oh ! lost SOPHIA ! lovely, ill starr'd fair !
 Still to thy mem'ry drops sweet pity's tear,
 Still heaves the sigh while fancy dwells on thee,
 For ever torn, from life, from love,—and me,
 How fair the promise of thy rising morn,
 What op'ning virtues did thy youth adorn,
 How frail, how transient was thy bright'ning
 bloom !
 How soon it faded !—sunk into the tomb !

Still breathe my curses on thy murd'rer's head,
 And vengeance follows tho' with tardy tread!
 No temple's sacred walls the wretch shou'd hide,
 I'd stab the villain by an altar's side;
 E'en tho' with trembling step he sought this gloom,
 And with repentant tears bedew'd thy tomb,
 Here, in his blood, I'd bathe my poignant dart,
 And from his bosom, tear the VILLAIN's heart!

Where slept the lightnings of indignant heav'n
 When the dire blow to innocence was giv'n?
 Why flew no bolt from yon insulted skies,
 When bleeding virtue, rent the air with cries?

STRANGER, forgive the transports of my soul,
 Too wildly rais'd for reason to controul!
 Oh! had'st thou known the charming, lovely maid,
 When in her pride of innocence array'd,
 How, when she heard the tale of the distress'd,
 Commiseration's sigh wou'd swell her breast:
 Or had'st thou heard the music of her tongue,
 On which the power of sweet persuasion hung,

Seen her with grief fast bending to the grave,
(Our pray'rs, our tears, too weak, alas! to save;)
Seen her meek eyes with all their lustre gone,
And her pale lips with all their rubies flown,
Heard the last pray'r her fault'ring tongue address'd,
To sooth the horrors of her murd'rer's breast;
Seen the pale taper of her life expire,
Seen the deep anguish of her hoary Sire!
With pallid looks of horror, madly wild,
Bent o'er the body of his breathless child;
Heard him in all the agony of grief,
Implore the hand of death to bring relief:
Revenge and hatred had not ceas'd to flow,
Against the author of this scene of woe!
Sure *Dæmons* prompted—lent the wretch their aid,
To hurl destruction on a virtuous maid;
Lur'd by the smiling villain's treach'rous art,
Too soon, tho' forc'd, she yielded up her heart!
Instant he seiz'd the sad unguarded hour,
When thoughtless beauty sought the silent bow'r;
Press'd on the fair when distant from defence,
And robb'd his victim of her innocence.

See'st thou yon lilly, drooping on the plain?—
 So sunk the fairest of the village train!
 Grief sap'd the springs of life;—she bow'd her head,
 And sought the gloomy mansions of the dead!
 Fast on her steps, her age-bent father trod,—
 His sorrows sleep beneath this dewy sod!
 But let me cease—Revenge pursues the deed,
 And soon LORENZO's guilty breast shall bleed.
 STRANGER farewell—If sorrow claims a tear,
 'Tis due to DAMON—Pay the tribute here!"

And shall oblivion, in her midnight shade,
 Obscure the story of the humble dead?
 Shall meek SOPHIA seek the silent grave,
 No generous muse, her injur'd name to save?
 Shall DAMON slumber in the tomb unknown,
 His grief forgotten, uninscrib'd his stone?
 While venal bards in glowing verse proclaim
 The fancy'd merits of each wealthy name?

Shame to the muse, who prostitutes her lays,
 And carols in a vile seducer's praise,

While the *mild virtues* of the lowly swain,
 Are left to sink, unnotic'd on the plain.
 Let wealth, let power scorn the humble line,
 By rude hands, cut upon the peasant's shrine;
 But let me seek the far sequester'd vale,
 And often listen to the village tale,
 Or let me wander thro' the church yard gloom,
 And gaze attentive on the grassy tomb;
 There while the night bird pours his plaintive note,
 Or dying echoes on the breezes float,
 The thoughtful, musing moralist may find,
 As solemn lessons for the virtuous mind,
 From the low peasant's unregarded dust,
 As from the proudest monarch's trophied bust.
 The heav'n aspiring pyramid can bring
 No softer slumbers to the buried king,
 Than those, which wrap the lowly mould'ring head
 Of the poor tenant of this sod-crown'd bed.



*Written on the Death of a justly
valued Friend,*

ON A SUMMER'S EVENING,

"When on a sudden lowering clouds defac'd with sable
gloom the azure canopy;" which fill'd the mind of the author
with solemn musing, and as the mourner's grateful tear dropp'd
from her sympathetic eye...*in heavenly strains she sung.*

SEE how the moon withdraws her silver light,
And clouds impervious mark the solemn eve;
Where yonder scenes in dreary shades unite,
A gloomy horror o'er the soul to leave.

Hark! how a murmur fills the troubled air,
As through the grove the vernal zephyrs fly;
The twinkling stars to darkest glooms repair,
And lightning bursts impetuous from the sky.

Far from the *gay*, the *giddy*, and the *vain*,
My sober sorrows shall the scene endear;
While ev'ry muse shall listen to my strain,
And join my sadness with a plaintive tear.

The bless'd MARIA number'd with the dead,
 Her pious deeds shall charm the world no more;
 With each divine and native grace has fled,
 Whate'er cou'd bless BRITANNIA's happy shore.

Yes——she cou'd teach the moralist to die;
Religion won th' affection of her heart;
 Her converse sweet, was center'd in the sky,
 And bore with hymning Seraphims a part.

Th' extensive wisdom that adorn'd her mind,
 And spread a graceful lustre o'er her mein,
 Display'd a temper amiable and kind,
 A conscious goodness and a soul serene.

Oft as she heard the widow's plaintive tale,
 Or view'd the orphan's misery and woe;
 Within her breast soft pity wou'd prevail
 And teach her hand a blessing to bestow.

In tranquil ease and patience as she trod,
 Thro' life's dull pleasures to the dreary grave,

Her calm composure in her SAVIOUR God,
Surpass'd the anguish that affliction gave.

Meanwhile her soul t' adorn th' angelic spheres,
To view the glories of eternal grace,
Whilst ev'ry eye was dim'd with flowing tears,
Flew from the world to JESUS' dear embrace.

So have I seen AURORA's golden ray,
Ere it had ting'd at eve the western main,
Doat on a flow'r that deck'd the vernal May,
And call its fragrant beauties from the plain.



Smile, my dear, and let me see

ON INFANCY.



How sadly solemn is the dawn of birth,
 Wak'd by the doleful cries of infant woe,
 Prophetic tears ! that tell their parent earth,
 Of future ills each babe is doom'd to know.

Yet short *their* little griefs and few their fears,
 Soothed by a tender kiss or gilded toy.—
 Bright pleasure gleams upon their bursting tears ;
 And each fair feature speaks some fleeting joy.

Smile on, dear innocents, while yet ye may,
 And cull the varied sweets of careless hours :
 Bask in the sun of childhood's halcyon day,
 For ever spangled with unfading flowers.

Soon must ye quit this mirth inspiring lawn,
That other playful tribes may sport around;
And laughing forms of beauty, yet unborn,
With feet extatic beat th' enchanted ground.

Ne'er may those eyes that sparkle pure delight,
Reflecting innocence in harmless rays,
Grow dim with weeping, wrapt in darkest night
Of sorrow, looking back on better days.

P



RELIGION AND VIRTUE TRIUMPHANT
OVER VICE;

OR,

The Libertine Reclaimed.



BENEATH an old fantastic yew-tree's shade,
A hoary Sage in pensive mood was laid;
His meagre face was furrow'd o'er with time,
And wasting years had wither'd all his prime :
(His mind alone remain'd unhurt by age,
And long experience had made him sage;
To vice a foe, with ev'ry virtue blest,
No passion e'er disturb'd his peaceful breast;
The rugged paths of life, he safely trod,
Arm'd with *Religion*, and the LOVE OF GOD.

A wanton YOUTH espied the holy MAN,
In contemplation wrapt—and thus began,
“ How now, OLD DAD, to mirth and pleasure
dead !
What musty thoughts employ thy plodding head ?

Or art thou conjuring now among the stars,
 Casting nativities, or dreadful wars ?
 If thou by them canst future things foretel,
 Peep into Venus, and thy thoughts reveal;
 Whether I shall in CELIA's arms this night
 Riot in love and revel in delight."

" SON, said the SAGE—such wanton thoughts
 as these,

Base and degen'rate minds can only please;
 The HEAVEN-BORN SOUL rejects the charms
 of vice,

And steel'd with virtue, does its pow'r despise."

" VIRTUE! resum'd the YOUTH, and inward
 sneer'd

Vain empty sound! by fools alone rever'd;—
 Will VIRTUE, riches, power, or pleasure give,
 Or can it e'er the needy wretch relieve?
 Give me the WORLD!—Let my ambitious soul
 Enjoy its luxury without controul!
 Away with virtue—she's a foolish cheat,
 'Tis vice alone that makes us truly great.

Let her with Hermits——

——“ Hold ! the SAGE replies,
(While warm resentment sparkled in his eyes)
How dare you thus with insolence and pride,
MAN's *greatest blessing*——HEAVEN's *best gift*
deride ?

Thy abject soul in narrow bounds confin'd,
Can form no notion of a virtuous mind ;
Thy senses wild—debauch'd—can never know
The joys and comforts that from virtue flow ;
From that alone springs ev'ry gen'rous deed,
By that alone the thoughts from vice are freed ;
That guide of life th' ALMIGHTY hand has giv'n,
By that alone, can we partake of HEAV'N.
Vice lures its vot'ries with delusive joys,
Gluts with vain pleasures—after that destroys,
Pain racks the body, while the lab'ring mind
Burns with remorse, and no relief can find ;
When creeping age has damp'd the fire of youth,
Too soon you'll know this melancholy truth ;
Mistaken WRETCH ! to infamy a SLAVE !
The paths of pleasure lead but to the grave.

Away—amend thy life, and dread the doom
Awaiting sinners in the world to come.”
He said—the YOUTH obey’d—while on his face
Repentant blushes shew’d some signs of grace ;
He seiz’d the happy moment—after prov’d
The friend of *Virtue*...and its precepts lov’d.
Learn hence ye YOUNG !...be bold in VIRTUE’S
cause,
Fulfil its precepts, and *revere* its laws ;
Tho’ here on earth it meets with small regard,
It shall, *hereafter*,—REAP ITS DUE REWARD.

T. C.



ODE TO FRIENDSHIP,
ADDRESSED TO A NEW MARRIED COUPLE.

—>>●<<—
“ *What is life without a Friend ?* ”
—>>●<<—

ENOUGH of rural scenes, soft-warbling lyre !
Adieu each verdant mead, each flow'ry plain ;
Ye tuneful nine ! a bolder song inspire,
'Tis *Friendship* claims the tributary strain.

To thee O ! FRIENDSHIP, sweet, endearing
fair !

The grateful incense of my praise shall rise ;
Still may my breast thy gen'rous ardour share
Thou lov'd descendant from yon lucid skies.

'Tis thine, *dear maid*, when life's rough
billows roar,
When sorrow's threat'ning gloom obscures the
sky,

To point the passage to the peaceful shore,
And bid the heaving bosom cease to sigh.

Hail soft-ey'd SYMPATHY ! delightful woe !
Who can thy gen'rous worth too much commend ?
Who wou'd the sweetly-pleasing pain forego
Of soothing anguish in a *suff'ring friend* ?

But when kind fortune beams her fost'ring
 smiles,
And nought but joy distends the chearful heart,
When social mirth each festive hour beguiles,
How great the bliss the transport to impart !

Hence ! selfish Stoic, to thy sordid cell,
Where sweet *philanthropy* ne'er beam'd her light ;
There, groveling wretch, in stupid dulness
 dwell,
Where melancholy glooms an endless night.

Imagination views thy woe-fraught breast,
Oft heav'd with pining sorrow's painful sigh,

No *pitying friend* to lull each care to rest,
Or wipe the tear fast-streaming from thy eye.

And when disease shall hover o'er thy head,
When death approaching marks thee for his own,
Then shalt thou drop into oblivion's bed
Unpitied,—unlamented,—and unknown.

Was this the state by Providence assign'd
To MAN, creation's bounteous, social Lord?
Can solitude delight the feeling mind,
Or cold self-love one lasting bliss afford?

How vain the thought!—Come thou,
CELESTIAL MAID,
On EARTH, O! *Friendship*, be a constant guest;
Expel self-int'rest to her darksome shade,
And rear thy throne in ev'ry virtuous breast.

Long, long indeed has thy soft pleasing chain
In silken fetters bound a MATCHLESS PAIR;
Defend them, gracious *Heav'n*! from ev'ry pain,
“To shew mankind that goodness is your care.”

Still may their days in sweet succession glide,
Unknown to *grief*, and mark'd with ev'ry *joy* ;
May no dire ill the UNION e'er divide,
Or envious fate their happiness annoy.

But why indulge a groundless, ill-tim'd fear ?
The flame which *Virtue* fans will ne'er expire ;
Tho' day succeeds to day, and year to year,
With greater brightness burns the gen'rous fire.

Yes LOVE and FRIENDSHIP shall their paths
pursue,
And ev'ry joy which innocence sustains ;
Till HEAVEN (op'ning to their rising view,)
Receive their souls where bliss immortal reigns.



A GENTLEMAN'S ORDERS TO HIS
PORTER ;

Which, being read by a friend, were written over the door of
the PORTER'S LODGE, preceded by the following motto.

DELECTANDO *Pariterque* MONENDO.

THOU faithful GUARDIAN of these ancient walls,
Whose honest zeal protects thy master's gate ;
If any stranger at my mansion calls,
I'll tell thee who shall enter—who shall wait.

Shou'd FORTUNE (fickle goddess) chance to
knock,
Or proud AMBITION court me to her arms,
Shut—shut the door, good JOHN—make fast the
lock,
Protect me from their too delusive charms.

If ENVY with her eagle eyes shou'd come,
Or FOLLY, like a modern city-beau ;

Be sure to tell them, I am *not* at home ;—
I'll *not* be pester'd with so vile a crew !

Shou'd SYCOPHANTS, perchance, or rich or poor,
Apply for entrance, whilst thou here keeps guard :
Admit, and *bind them fast*,—then lock the door,
'Till JUSTICE comes, and gives them their reward.

But don't forget—so soon as Justice come,
To treat *her* with the most profound respect,
And say, to *HER*, I always am at home,—
I never, sick or well, will *her* reject.

For *much*, alas ! I often want her aid,
To scourge INGRATITUDE—whose baneful crimes
Bring TREACHERY and PRIDE,—and, (I'm afraid)
They *often* come in these degen'rate times.

Turn back all VICE from hence, let VIRTUE come,
And with her, all her sweet celestial train ;
Let *them* my peaceful mansion freely roam,
Nor ever wait without, or knock in vain.

HUMILITY and FRIENDSHIP are, you know
Most welcome guests—Let *them* thy actions guide ;
They with their sister WISDOM, will bestow,
The choicest gifts that are by heav'n supply'd.

I well remember, that the CYPRIAN QUEEN
Had a *sweet boy*—shou'd HE e'er come this way,
Admit him, JOHN! *worse company* are seen,
Too often visiting the GREAT and GAY.

HIS magic smiles the honest heart will win,
Tho' oft deceiv'd—I love the dear deluder,
Morn, noon, or night, be sure to let him in,
For *virtuous love* is never AN INTRUDER.



A Tribute of Conjugal Affection,

—>>●<<—
PRESENTED WITH A POCKET LOOKING GLASS

By the late Rev. B———
—>>●<<—

To you, dear WIFE, (and all must grant,
A Wife's no common confidant)
I dare my secret soul reveal,
Whate'er I think, whate'er I feel;
This verse for instance, I design
To mark a female friend of mine,
Whom long with passion's warmest glee,
I've seen, and cou'd for ever see.
But hear me first describe the dame;
If candor then can blame me—blame.
I've seen her charm at forty, more
Than half her sex at twenty-four;

Seen her with equal pow'r and ease,
Draw right to rule, from will to please ;
Seen her so frankly give, and spare
At once, with so discreet a care ;
As if her sense, and hers alone,
Could limit bounty like her own ;
Seen her in nature's simplest guise
Above arts, airs, and fashions, rise ;
And, when her peers she had surpass'd,
Improve upon herself at last ;
Seen her, in short, in ev'ry part,
Discernment, temper, figure, heart,
So perfect, that 'till HEAV'N remove her,
I must *admire* her, *court* her, *love* her !

Mary, I speak the thing I mean ;
So dear a woman I have seen ;
And send this honest glass, that you,
Whene'er you please, may see her too ! *

Let not a mirror make you vain,
For that wou'd give your Husband pain,

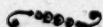
But let it when it shews your face,
As plainly shew *increase* of grace :
I know you have too much good sense,
To let this caution give offence ;
No glass I hope can prove more true
THAN I—in *faithful love* to you.

G 2

* These lines the Editor thinks are in print, and were inserted in mistake, but as they are expressive of affection, the perusal may afford pleasure to some who have favoured this publication with their support.



THE MAN OF SORROW.



STILL in mine ear the Sheep-boy's latest note,
And pleasant gently-dying western breeze ;
Each tuneful bird has hush'd his little throat,
And not a breath now rustles thro' the trees !

Serenely bright the moon ascends the sky ;
Soft sleep her rays upon yon limpid stream ;
No low'ring clouds throughout the æther fly,
To intercept the brightness of her beam.

Alone, and silent, on yon oak-crown'd hill
Fond echo tries, but still she tries in vain,
To mock the murmurs of the little rill,
Which winds its tinkling stream along the plain.

But hark !—not fancy bids those sounds to flow !
Again, they tremble on the list'ning ear ;

The deep drawn sigh that rends the breast of woe,
Breaks the dead silence of the midnight air.

Where slowly rolls the *Derwent's* silver wave,
Along the foot of yonder fragrant vale,
There WILLIAM bending o'er his HENRY's grave,
Tells to the ear of night his hapless tale.

Ah! plains,——he cries, where pleasure ever led,
Her festive bands, amid the vernal pride,
On distant fields your HENRY bow'd his head,
On distant fields your hapless shepherd dy'd!

He dy'd!—but ah!—no gentle friend was near,
With pious hand to close his death-struck eyes;
O'er his uncoffin'd corpse to shed a tear,
Or mark where shrouded in the earth he lies!

Yet here I've rais'd, (by love paternal led,)
For thee, lamented youth, a vacant tomb,
For thee, I here have form'd the myrtle shade,
And brought the cypress to increase the gloom.

WILLIAM.

Then let us join ;...in kindred grief we'll join,
Here sadly bending o'er this silent grave ;
Each groan of yours I'll echo back with mine,
And with my tears the grass-green sod I'll lave.

You'll sooth those sighs affliction bids to flow ;
You best can sooth them, who can deepest feel ;
List then, attentive, to the tale of woe,
Which wrings my breast with anguish to reveal.

I had a SON !——(Oh ! pierc'd reflection spare)
In pity spare, an hapless PARENT's breast !
Long down my aged cheek the burning tear
Of anguish streaming fast, has broke my rest.

A PARENT's breast !...ah ! PARENT now, no
more !
From mem'ry's seat, oh, blot the fatal morn,

When by the ruffian hand of lawless power,
From these weak arms, my age's hope was torn.

O harden'd heart !—why burst you not in twain,
For sure such woes, might rend an heart of stone ;
What moments then, of agonizing pain
Had to this throbbing bosom, been unknown.

Adorn'd with every grace of blooming youth,
I had a SON, who bore from all the prize ;
His soul was spotless as the shrine of truth,
And beam'd the mildest radiance from his eyes.

Bright blaz'd his nuptial torch ;——the happy
hour
Approach'd ;—and music echo'd thro' the grove ;
With verdure bloom'd my HENRY's fav'rite bow'r,
Deck'd by the hand of his officious love.

Deck'd for ALMERIA !...dear unhappy maid !
What pangs do now thy snowy bosom tear ?

Like *April* blossoms do thy beauties fade,
Nipp'd by the frosty hand of pining care.

ALMERIA came! —the pride of all the plain;
She sweetly smil'd upon my raptur'd boy;
When *Britain's* sons;... a fell remorseless train,
Burst on the sweet retreat of peace and joy.

Ah!...nought avail'd a kneeling father's tears,
Nor could, their rage, a mother's sorrows stay;
Regardless of her sex, her feeble years,
They sternly spurn'd her, as she prostrate lay.

Nor yet avail'd the fair ALMERIA's sighs;
From her soft clasping arms my son they tore;
O'erthrew the wreath-bound altar, — curs'd our
cries,
And to th' embattled field the youth they bore.

What need I more!...my anguish speaks the
rest!
On *Monmouth's* plain, he bow'd his dying head!

The hostile steel deform'd his manly breast,
And at the wound, life's crimson current fled.

On lightning's wings, the cruel tidings came ;
His boding mother guess'd the fatal blow !
The dreadful shock o'erpower'd her feeble frame ;
She sunk !...a speechless spectacle of woe !

Waking at length, she cry'd, with wild despair,
Oh ! bring my HENRY from the bloody plain,
I'll bathe his wounds, with many a falling tear,
And from his bosom, wash the crimson stain !

With wreaths of flowers his body I'll adorn,
On rose-crown'd sods his icy head shall lie,
And 'till the stars shall fade before the morn,
I'll watch my breathless child with sleepless
eye.

No tainting blast shall touch my darling boy,
A sheet of lillies o'er his corpse I'll spread ;

Come, come, ALMERIA, raise the song of joy,
Thy well-known voice shall wake him from the
dead.

But soft, he slumbers in yon balmy grove,
Ye gentlest zephyrs, fan him with your breath;
His, are the peaceful dreams, of bliss and love,
Ah no!...they dream not, in the sleep of death!

Distracted now, she beat her aged breast;
Wild as the winds, was ev'ry word she said;
But soon, to scenes of never ending rest,
From its weak tenement her spirit fled.

Thus am I left in my declining years;
Oh! may the thread that next is cut, be mine;
With rapture, will I leave this vale of tears,
And fly, my HENRY's happy shade to join.

For thee, fond YOUTH!...whose sympathetic soul,
Has in my sorrows, borne a friendly part,
Ne'er-round thy dome may keen misfortunes roll,
Nor hopeless love, dwell preying on thy heart.

Thine be the joys, MARIA's virtues bring,
On thee, be lavish'd fortune's boundless store ;
For thee, thro' life may ceaseless pleasures spring
When this sad breast, shall throb, with woe no
more.

But see! —— dispelling now, the nightly gloom,
Breaks from the east, the morning's early ray ;
He said, —— and homeward from the tear-dew'd
tomb !

THE MAN OF SORROW shap'd his lonesome way.

S.



ON THE SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

*By Miss Ann S—— only Child of G. C. S—— Esq.
late of the city of York,*

On the day she arrived at the age of Fifteen.

How swift flies time on silken wings,
And leaves no trace behind !
How chang'd each year the face of things,
Inconstant as the wind !

To me it scarce appears a day,
Since in my nurse's arms,
A helpless little babe I lay,
Smiling with infant charms.

Still as in each revolving year,
I see my natal day ;

The grasp of joy appears more near,
Then—vanishes away.

On fifteen—all my thoughts were bent,
Fifteen—is come at last ;

Alas ! I am not more content,
So soon our joys are past !

'Tis giddy dissipation all,
And an illusion vain,
Of which th' enjoyment e'er so small
May cause a life of pain.

True happiness—is virtue's child,
And lives within her breast ;
Join'd to a temper, pure and mild,
The honest heart's best guest.

With conscience void of all offence,
Good spirits and good health ;
Grant me but these, Oh ! Providence !
I want not pow'r or wealth.

Shou'd I next year devoted be,
 A victim to the tomb*,
 These treasures with my soul shall flee,
 Where joys eternal bloom.

* This young Lady's awful presentiment of her death was
 verified! ———

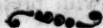
She fell! by all her kindred friends lamented,
 And humbly hop'd to rise in mercy's arms.

.....
 Reader! — If from thy lab'ring breast e'er burst
 Commiseration's sigh,...if in thine eye
 The quiv'ring tear e'er spoke the throbbing heart,
 Here shed the sympathetic drop. ———
 For here alas! the frost of death, destroy'd
 The fairest blossoms of a virtuous mind.
 But,...'twas the will of Heav'n! ———
 The fruit now ripens in celestial suns,
 The vital spi'rit joins with congenial souls,
 Bless'd in the prescience of eternal bliss,
 The meed of virtuous actions! ———



AN ELEGY:

A tributary mite addressed to a particular friend, who was abroad
at the time of the young Lady's decease.



HENCE! the vain pomp,... "the mockery of woe,"
The sable garb, by outside-mourners worn!
Obedient tears—affected sighs that flow,
From breasts that keen affliction hath not torn.

As die the breezes on a summer's morn,
So sink their sighs, before bright pleasure's ray;
As dries the glist'ning dew-drop on the thorn,
So pass their momentary tears away.

Ill do *they* suit the soul where anguish dwells,
The *feeling heart*, disdains *their* vain parade;
Flies from their walk, to sorrow's darkest cells,
Or throbs unheeded in the midnight shade.

Come then, my friend!—we'll seek the gloomy
scene,

Where wrapt in dust the good, the virtuous lie;
Let us reflect on what they once have been,
And from their mould'ring relics learn to die!

DEATH!—'tis a lesson, that we all must learn,
Or soon, or late, the awful hour will come;
My next sad lay may melt o'er AMBROSE'S urn,
Or his slow step, may seek his poet's tomb.

Quick fly the shafts commission'd to destroy,
The old, the young, the gay, the fop or beau;
The father's hope—the lover's promis'd joy,
Alike are blasted by the fatal blow.

As when the tempest blackens thro' the skies,
The tree, the shrub, alike may feel the stroke;
The garden's pride, the rose, the lilly dies,
Nor can the ivy shield the low'ring oak.

So wing'd with fate, does ev'ry moment fly;
Here sink the humble—there the proudly great;

Here groan the impious—there the virtuous lie,
And here the lovely meets untimely fate.

Oh! ANNA...early lost, seraphic MAID!
To feeling breasts you've taught this solemn truth;
The pallid monarch seiz'd thy pain-rack'd head,
And snatch'd away the charms of blooming youth.

Yet more than this...you've taught us now to
know,
That *virtue* views unmov'd the trying hour;
Compos'd, resign'd, unmurmuring meets the blow,
Blunts the keen sting of death,—defies its pow'r.

She lures the soul to brighter worlds of joy;
Removes the clouds that hide the rugged way;
Bids rapture glisten in the dying eye,
And smooths the passage to the realms of day.

Oft, lovely MAIDEN! to thy hallow'd tomb,
Shall bleeding friendship's sky-rob'd form repair;
Indulge her sorrows mid the awful gloom,
And bathe the marble with her softest tear.

Oft too, my AMBROSE, to the sacred ground
Wou'd'st thou approach, with trembling step and
slow,

And there, while midnight horrors stalk around,
Dissolve in all the luxury of woe !

Oh! then!—as o'er the spot you'd wish to bend,
To pour the frequent, unavailing sigh,
This awful lesson from the grave attend !
Attend and profit.....“ *you were born to die !*”



The following Poem was presented in June 1789,
TO THE REV. FRANCIS WILLIS, M. D.

By the Author,

ON THE HAPPY RECOVERY OF OUR
GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

"The Father of his People."



As ALBION o'er her sea-girt cliffs reclin'd,
Her oaken garland from her brow she tore,
Her sable Stole wav'd on the murm'ring wind,
And angry surges vex'd the sounding shore.

Prone on the rock her red-cross banner lay,
Near it, her Lion couch'd in silent woe,
And o'er her throbbing breast, with lucid ray
Her garter'd star no longer seem'd to glow.

There as she mourn'd her darling MONARCH'S
fate,
And rais'd to heav'n her supplicating eyes ;

Borne on a silver cloud in regal state,
Her tutelary angel left the skies.

O'er his pure, golden mail, a crimson vest,
Like fair Aurora's deepest blush, he wore;
The Cappadocian cross adorn'd his breast,
And his right hand a spear, like lightning, bore.

Then near approaching to the weeping fair,
The solemn pause of silence soon he broke,
Hush'd were the waves, and still the stormy air,
As in the voice of music thus he spoke.

"RISE ALBION! RISE—in glory's bright career,
" With all thy wonted energy divine,
" Still pluck bright honor from his proudest sphere,
" Still foremost in fame's sun-bright temple shine.

" Firm as yon oaks, that brave th' infuriate
" wind,
" As the proud cliffs the dashing waves repel,
" Be thy unbent, unconquerable mind,
" Thy breast with all thy tow'ring spirit swell.

" What nation on this globe can boast like thee,
" Laws that each long-fam'd empire's laws out-
" shine?

" The blushing honours of fair freedom's tree,
" The arts she nurtures with its fruits divine?

" See, commerce from her Amalthean horn
" Pour the rich treasures of her golden reign;
" With a world's tributary gifts adorn
" Each gorgeous city, and each rural plain.

" See rival Gaul unsheath her civic steel,
" While patriot-thunders shake her liliated throne,
" Since fir'd at freedom's shrine she longs to feel,
" What happier ALBION yet enjoys alone.

" See, with his parent orb's auspicious light,
" The star of Brunswick point thy dubious way,
" Chasing despair's terrific stormy night,
" With hope's inspiriting, ascendant ray.

" RISE ALBION! RISE, in glory's bright career,
" Still keep the van, thou peerless Queen of isles!

" Glory will shrine thee in her brightest sphere,
" And HEAV'N reward, and shield thee with its
" smiles."

To whom the beauteous mourner thus—

" My woe,
" From the heart's pure and sacred fountain
" springs;
" My tears for piety and virtue flow;
" Virtues that eternize the fame of KINGS.

" Unlike the proud Assyrian Lord of old,
" When o'er his golden city rov'd his eye,
With arrogance and impiously bold,
" He rear'd, in thought, his throne above the sky¹.

" He, whose sad fate my weeping realms bemoan,
" For whom their orisons prevent the morn,
" Delights to fix in virtue's heart *his* throne,
" For the mild virtues his own heart adorn.

1 Isai. 14. v. 13.

" Witness ye charities of life ! that blend,
 " Your lustre like the Galaxy's mild rays,
 " The HUSBAND, PARENT, BROTHER, MASTER,
 " FRIEND,
 " Reflect " the *Father of his People's* " praise.

" Is there *no* cordial for the wounded mind,
 " Harrass'd with ceaseless toil and regal care ?
 " No Panacean balm can science find
 " To bid the far-fam'd leech's art prepare ?

" Yet oh benignant, bright rob'd son of light !
 " Bid mercy's angel, in light's happier sphere,
 " My suppliant empire's pray'rs with yours unite ;
 " Like odours on your golden censers bear¹.

" See ! where in sorrows sable disarray,
 " With ev'ry virtue...now with cypress crown'd,
 " A peerless Queen weeps the sad, sunless day,
 " With filial royal mourners compass'd round.

¹ Revelation 8. v. 3, 4.

“ Like yon pale moon, and sun-illumin’d spheres,
 “ That mourn eclips’d their parent, solar fires ;
 “ Till renovated the bright orb appears,
 “ And darkness on her raven wing retires.

“ Then bear, propitious angel! Albion’s woe,
 “ Religion’s pray’r from ev’ry hallow’d fane ;...
 “ Let not for piety and virtue flow,
 “ Three nations heart-felt orisons in vain.”

The mourner ceas’d ;—when pointing to the skies,
 Her tutelary angel rais’d his spear ;
 The mourner rais’d her supplicating eyes,
 And saw a radiant, beauteous vision near.

Her waving robe in ¹ mercy’s bow seem’d dy’d,
 Like mercy’s angels whom the KING OF KINGS
 Commissions from the sapphire ² throne to glide,
 Floating on azure star-besprinkled wings.

I

¹ Ezekiel 1. v. 28.

² Ezekiel 1. v. 26.

To Albion soon the beauteous form drew near,
 And thus, in strains of love and pity sung,
 " RISE ALBION ! RISE ;...dry thy maternal tear,
 " Calm thy sad breast with loyal anguish wrung.

" Thine empire'sardent orisons are heard,
 " These tidings from the living throne I bring ;
 " And bear from mercy's LORD, in light inspher'd,
 " Heav'n's panacean balm to heal thy KING.

" Heav'n thus instructs thee :....." Through a
 night of woe,
 " That piety and virtue brighter shine ;
 " That thence the crowns of Albion's MONARCH
 " glow,
 " With heav'nly-temper'd gold, and gems divine."

Then the gold vase that grac'd her lilly hand,
 With heav'ns nepenthe for the wounded mind,
 With smiling grace ineffable and bland,
 'To ESCULAPIAN WILLIS she consign'd.

The MONARCH from his mental slumber rose,
While to the healing LORD OF LIFE ABOVE,
United with his loyal millions, flows
One song of *triumph, gratitude, and love.*

G. S. D.



THE GROVE OF AFFLICTION;

AN EVENING PASTORAL.

SOFT sighs the zephyr thro' the gloomy wood,
Nor other sounds the list'ning ear invade ;
Save the low murmurs of the little flood,
Which winds unnotic'd thro' the distant glade.

Pale shoots the moon along the eastern sky,
The twinkling stars retire behind the clouds ;
The feather'd warblers to their nestlings fly,
And solemn night the whole creation shrouds.

Then be this hour to meditation due,
Alas ! how *few* does meditation claim !
Each fleeting pleasure *thoughtless* we pursue,
Nor raise to serious themes our nobler aim !

While warm in youth, each flatt'ring prospect
bright,
In raptures flowing stream we gaily lave,
Careless and reckless of the stormy night,
That *soon*, alas ! must hurl us to the grave.

But ah !—what phantoms glide along the grove,
In mournful robes of deepest hue array'd ?
Not such the scene when innocence and love,
Sought the recess of CLAREMONT's peaceful shade.

And hark !—from yonder cypress woven bow'r,
The sigh of sorrow steals upon the gale !
What *child of anguish* in this solemn hour,
Tells to the list'ning moon that plaintive tale:

Ah ! 'tis MARIA !...o'er CLEANDER's urn,
The much afflicted graceful maiden bends ;
Far, far from her, the tyrant death has torn
The truest lover, and the best of friends.

So wrapt in tears appear'd the Cyprian Queen,
When by the savage tooth *Adonis* bled.

So sunk in woe, each plaintive muse was seen,
When young TIBULLUS bow'd the languid head.

As beams, thro' clouds that skim the western sky,
The setting radiance of the star of eve,
So shines the lovely maiden's tearful eye!
Oh! why shou'd beauty thus be doom'd to grieve?

But list!...she speaks!...attention catch the note,
Nor lose a whisper!...zephyrs wing along;
Not more melodious did the numbers float,
When *Orpheus* play'd, or *Lesbian Sappho* sung.

Ye bending groves!...ye myrtle woven bow'rs,
Beneath whose mildly pleasing vernal shade,
When love and friendship strew'd the path with
flow'rs,
Has your CLEANDER with MARIA stray'd.

Ye mournful turtles who so often coo'd,
Responsive to the youth's melodious strain;
No more, soft trembling, thro' the list'ning wood,
His gentle music shall assuage your pain.

Deep, deep alas!—beneath the rolling waves,
 In ocean shrouded, is his clay-cold head!
 Ye Nereids bear him to your coral caves,
 And gently lay him on your pearly bed.

For he was dear to this afflicted soul!
 Witness these sighs...these tears that ever flow;
 Dear as the crimson streams of life, that roll
 Around my heart, that's bursting now with woe.

But ah! who's this, within the sacred bow'r,
 To grief devoted, that presumes to tread?
 Who dares disturb the sadly solemn hour,
 When bleeding friendship mourns the honor'd dead.

MARCELLUS.

No step profane disturbs the scene of grief,
 No harden'd breast that *mocks* the falling tear;
 The *child of pity* comes to give relief,
 To sooth your pangs, or in your sorrows share.

MARIA.

—O—

And cou'd, MARCELLUS, cou'd thy muse so long,
Delay the tribute to CLEANDER's shade ?
Could virtue die, and not the tender song,
By friendship prompted, be to virtue paid ?

For well you know, CLEANDER's open mind,
Disdain'd the deed which honor blush'd to own ;
The generous wish,...the sentiment refin'd,
Still in his spotless breast conspicuous shone.

Thro' youth's gay walks together did ye stray,
As fancy gave each scene a brighter bloom ;
But ah !...while pleasure led the flow'ry way,
No thought intrusive pointed to the tomb.

Calm as the face of the deceitful main,
When no rude wind the settled deep deforms ;
Ye saw, transported, joy's enticing plain,
Nor ever deem'd it cou'd be chang'd by storms.

But soon, too soon, along the darken'd skies,
The tempest scowl'd ;...high rose the ruffled wave !
In vain was human art, or virtue's cries,
CLEANDER sunk into the wat'ry grave !

Hence heave these sighs !.....these poignant
sorrows flow,
Hence must this widow'd bosom ever mourn ;
Within this gloom will I indulge my woe,
And bathe with truest tears CLEANDER's urn."

The charming virgin ceas'd the mournful strain,
And on the urn her pensive head reclin'd !
So droops the rose on *Sharon's* fruitful plain,
So sinks the lilly to the passing wind.

Beams not the tear in pity's radiant eye,
When virtue groans beneath misfortune's thorn ?
What breast denies the sympathetic sigh,
When truth, and innocence, and goodness mourn ?

Alas !...how oft in this sublunar sphere,
Does virtue feel misfortune's sharpest wound ?

For one who tastes of happiness sincere,
How many sons of wretchedness are found !

Unnumber'd evils throng the path of life,
By pangs unnumber'd is the soul oppress'd ;
There rage the passions in the mental strife,
And here deep anguish harrows up the breast.

Let the stern stoic, of his precepts vain,
Wrapt up in sullen philosophic state ;
Each tender weakness of the soul disdain,
And scorn alike the smiles or frowns of fate.

But when amid the lonesome nightly gloom,
Affliction bends, let *me* in sorrow join ;
When *friendship* sinks into the early tomb,
The gen'rous pang of manly woe be mine.

Yes my MARIA, to CLEANDER's name,
My artless muse the tribute due shall pay ;
For pity, virtue, urge the tender claim,
And every softer feeling, prompts the lay.

The well pleas'd vision smil'd, amid her tears,
Then wav'd her hand, and vanish'd in the shade!
Now from the east the orient morn appears,
And the dews glisten on the distant glade.

S.



TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH SOME ROSES.



THESE roses so sweet, so soon fading, impart,
This lesson which shou'd be engrav'd on the heart,
That sweetness and graces must wither and die,
Ev'n *your's* cannot time's cruel ravage defy.

That smartness, wit, fashion, ease, elegance,
grace,
To death's threat'ning mandate must quickly give
place,
The treasure we most shou'd be anxious to find,
Is virtue, and wisdom, and firmness of mind.
These nothing can blast, not the dreadful alarms
That shall rob us of life, or nature of charms.

Another sage truth, by experience taught,
These sweet scented leaves will convey to the
thought;

That nothing's so happy, but ills form a part,
And smiles oft conceal, a most sorrowful heart;
As roses have thorns so each blessing's alloy'd,
And comfort too often by woe is destroy'd.

Accept my dear Lucy, my thanks for your treat,
For blessings are pleasant, and roses are sweet,
Both given by God to enliven and cheer,
Our passage to bliss thro' a wilderness drear.

But let us not place them too near to the heart,
Lest sharp piercing thorns inflict durable smart,
But both, thus admonish'd, aspire to those skies,
Where bosoms ne'er throb, nor true happiness dies.

K



AN EPISTLE TO FLAVIA.

MY FLAVIA asks why I neglect to sing,
The blooming beauties of the balmy spring,
Why I forget to tune my lyre to love,
Or why forsake the silence of the grove.
Do gayer scenes engage my DELIA's heart,
Does she slight nature for the charms of art?
Or does philosophy her mind engage,
The proper study of delib'rate age?
Believe me FLAVIA, no ambition fires
My pensive breast, nor sordid love inspires;
Nor does philosophy engage my mind,
But what is purely of the moral kind.
No deep researches claim my midnight hours,
No thoughts perplex on nature's secret pow'rs.
HER beauties blaze in clear and radiant lines,
Divinest art thro' all her system shines;
'Tis in my mind alone I seek to shew,
Each hidden spring of thought and action too;

Trace ev'ry passion, mark each young desire,
The muse improve, and consecrate her fire,
For which I quit the themes that us'd to please,
And to improvement dedicate my days.

Enough I've sung of groves and purling streams,
They're but the muse's sports, and idle dreams;
Love has too much employ'd my thoughts and
tongue,

Love so congenial to the gay and young;
VIRTUE and FRIENDSHIP now alone shall charm,
Claim ev'ry song, and all my bosom warm;
These shall alone substantial joys impart,
And paradise restore within my heart.

DELIA.



PRESENTED TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A CARNATION.

To her who shall thy beauties know,
With taste to mark...with skill t' explore,
Go flower...in modest triumph go
And charm the maid that I adore.
Go! envied flower...and whilst her eye
Surveys thy form with critic care,
And while she smiles bestows, which I
Wou'd barter worlds with thee to share;
In thine own history, if thou cans't, impart
The thought I cannot speak, that glows
within my heart.

Inform her that in thee she views
A flower for beauty far renown'd,
The fairest form, the brightest hues,
Approv'd, admir'd, the country round;

Tell her to find a flower as fair ;
That I myself with happy pride,
Search'd every garden, and parterre,
But flower, like thee, I none descried :
No flower by nature's hand, so richly drest,
So partially adorn'd, so exquisitely blest.

But tell her I with reason fear'd,
A stem like thine, cou'd ne'er sustain
Singly, so weak, so unprepar'd
The driving winds, the beating rain ;
And say, that hence, a stronger reed
I station'd at thy friendless side ;
A guardian band round each convey'd,
And both in happy union tied ;
That wedded thus, safe cou'd thy gentle form
Pour forth its opening sweets, and mock the
coming storm.

Thus sweet ambassadress from me,
Go, beauteous flower, bespeak the fair,

And, if she shou'd the moral see,
(For more is meant than meets the ear)
And if thou mark a truant smile,
Quick o'er her brightening features fly,
And if a vivid gleam the while,
Fire the mild lustre of her eye;
Ah! then thou loveliest flower, kind, faithful be,
And bear one fond, one warm, one trembling
vow for me.



ON THE AFFLICTIONS

OF A FRIEND.

Now let my cares all bury'd lie,
 My griefs for ever dumb;
 Your sorrows swell my heart so high,
 They leave my own no room.

Sickness and pains are quite forgot,
 The spleen itself is gone;
 Plung'd in your woes, I feel them not,
 Or feel them all in one.

Infinite grief puts sense to flight,
 And all the soul invades;
 So the broad gloom of spreading night,
 Devours the ev'ning shades.

Thus am I born to be unblest!
 This sympathy of woe!

Drives my own tyrants from my breast
T' admit a foreign foe.

Sorrows in long succession reign,
Their iron rod I feel ;
Friendship has only chang'd the chain,
But I'm the pris'ner still.

Why was this life for misery made ?
Or why drawn out so long ?
Is there no room among the dead ?
Or is a wretch too young ?

Move faster on, great nature's wheel,
Be kind, ye rolling pow'rs ;
Hurl my days headlong down the hill
With undistinguish'd hours.

Be dusky, all my rising suns,
Nor smile upon a slave ;
Darkness, and death, haste ye at once,
To hide me in the grave.

AN ODE TO INSENSIBILITY.

Impromptu. At the request of Miss

DREAD Goddess of the tearless eye,
And flinty heart, to thee I fly,
Insensibility !
Before thy adamantine throne,
Where pity's plaint was never known,
I bend the suppliant knee !

May I, unmov'd by virtue's charms,
Ne'er feel those tender, soft alarms,
Which love-sick wretches know ;
Should tears bedew the radiant eyes,
Should beauty's bosom heave with sighs,
I'd smile at all their woe.

Dread Goddess, then, to me impart,
That best of all thy gifts, an heart
Insensible as stone ;
Shou'd anguish rend ELMIRA's breast,
Soft as on down, I then cou'd rest,
Nor heed her piercing groan !



A NIGHT PIECE.

“ O lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
“ Lost to the noble sallies of the soul,
“ Who think it solitude, to be alone!”

YOUNG.

HARK !...the prophetic raven brings,
My summons on his boding wings ;
The birds of night my fate foretel,
The prescient death-watch sounds my knell.
A solemn darkness spreads the tomb,
And terrors haunt the midnight gloom.
Methinks a browner horror falls,
And silent spectres sweep the walls !
Tell me, my soul, oh ! tell me why,
The fault'ring tongue, the breaking sigh ?
Why are my cheeks bedew'd with tears ?
Tell me, my soul, from whence these fears ?

When conscious guilt arrests the mind,
Avenging furies stalk behind ;
And sickly fancy intervenes,
To dress the visionary scenes.
JESUS, to thee I fly for aid ;
Propitious Sun ! dispel the shade—
Teach me to banish idle fear,
Or lose it in thy guardian care,
Then shall the fancy'd spectres walk,
And all the doubtful echoes talk ;
Pass, like the careless zephyrs, by,
Nor interrupt my harmony.
How sweet these sacred hours of rest !
Fair portraits of the Christian's breast ;
Where lawless lust, and passions rude,
And folly never dare intrude.
Let others chuse the sparkling bowl ;
And mirth, the poison of the soul ;
Or midnight dance, and public show,
Parents of sickness, pain, and woe !
A nobler joy my thoughts design,
Instructive solitude ! be mine.

Be mine that silent, calm repast,
A peaceful conscience to the last,
That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root;
That *friend*, which never fails the just,
When other *friends* desert their trust.
Come then my soul, be this thy guest,
And leave to thoughtless man the rest.
With *this* thou ever shalt be gay,
And night shall brighten into day,
With *this* companion in the shade,
Thou could'st not, surely, be dismay'd,
But if thy SAVIOUR here were found,
All paradise would bloom around.
Had I a firm and lasting *faith*,
To credit what th' Almighty saith,
I could defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.
Tho' tempests drive me from the shore,
And floods descend, and billows roar,
Tho' death appears in every form,
My little bark should brave the storm.

Then if my God requir'd the life
Of brother, parent, child, or wife,
Lord, I should bless the stern decree,
And give my dearest friends to thee.
Amidst the various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils.
And shall I murmur at my God,
When Sovereign love directs the rod ?
Peace, rebel thought ;—I'll not complain,
My FATHER'S smiles suspend my pain :
Smiles ! that a thousand joys impart,
And pour the balm, that heals the smart ;
Tho' Heaven afflicts, I'll not repine,
Each heart-felt comfort still is mine,
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me thro' the vale.
Smooth gracious Lord, that rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day,
To milder skies, and brighter plains,
Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

THE SEARCH FOR CONTENT.

ONE day, when the Gods were engag'd in small
chat,

Like mortals, conversing on this thing and that,
The thund'rer observ'd, that to earth he had sent,
As a blessing to man, the fair Goddess CONTENT ;
But so long she'd been absent, he fear'd she was lost,
He therefore resolv'd to send *Hermes* the post,
To search in what quarter the fugitive stray'd,
And fairly report what discov'ries he'd made.

The order was given, and quickly the God,
Adjusted his bonnet, and took up his rod ;
Out-stripping the winds, he flew quick as light,
To the white cliffs of *Britain* directing his flight.
As *Britain* he knew was of *Europe* the pride,
CONTENT he conceiv'd must in *Britain* reside.
In quest of the Goddess, he first went to court,
Supposing she'd chuse such a splendid resort,

But observing the throne was encircled with care,
He wisely concluded she'd never been there.

To the Minister next he directed his course,
And found the state-pilot with wrangling was hoarse ;
Though his face wore a smile, and though placid his
 mein,

Yet CONTENT he confess'd he had never yet seen.
He next took a trip to those sons of ambition,
Who bawl and declaim, to promote opposition ;
But he knew from the marks of chagrin in each face,
That CONTENT with the faction was quite out of
 place.

To the Clergy his course he determin'd to steer,
In hopes from the priesthood some tidings to hear ;
But CONTENT was a stranger to all, they confess'd,
Tho' each could describe her, and wish'd her his
 guest.

To a Bishop he went the next day at the dawn,
Whose merit had gain'd him the mitre and lawn.

For a month he was pleas'd with his splendid
condition,

And own'd himself high as his highest ambition.

With greatest effusions his bosom ran o'er,

And CONTENT, for a while, took her stand at his
door;

But hearing him pray for a speedy translation,

She was quickly provok'd, and retir'd from her
station.

Disappointed, from hence noble *Hermes* withdrew,

And join'd in a tavern a hard toping crew :

The joke, laugh, and bottle, went merrily round,

But their glee was repaid with a head ach, they
found.

They jok'd without wit, and they laugh'd without
mirth,

And their happiness ow'd to the bottle its birth.

He therefore concluded, what oft has been try'd,

That CONTENT can't with Comus or Bacchus reside.

He next join'd a party of gossiping dames,

Who did much to demolish a list of good names;

From the slander he heard, this reflection he drew,
That the bosom of *envy* CONTENT never knew.
He now had recourse to some fox-hunting squires,
Whose bus'ness and health they deriv'd from their
sires.

He found 'twas their pleasure, their ultimate good,
To spring over hedges, and shoot in a wood.
They frankly inform'd him, 'tis bliss they pursue,
But never o'ertook it though always in view.
He therefore concluded, abroad they'd not roam,
If fully convinc'd that CONTENT was at home.

At *Oxford* and *Cambridge* he found in each college,
A good stock of port, and a deep fund of knowledge,
Where he said, *alma-mater* with fondness imparts
Fair science, to rear and to foster the arts.
A Professor he saw, with his trencher-cap'd people,
Was solemnly taking the height of a steeple ;
And others were filling a mighty balloon,
Resolv'd to adventure a trip to the moon.
A party, with meagre contemplative looks,
Were smoothing the dog-ears, and dusting their books.

A few he observ'd, to secure a degree,
 Were solemnly meas'ring the height of a flea ;
 And hop'd they'd be able t' elucidate soon,
 At how many springs they would leap to the moon :
 Yet, amidst their acquirements, he found, in each
 breast,

A something to leaven, and poison the rest.
 So *Hermes* from College return'd as he went,
 For none of the members had met with CONTENT ;
 But all had concluded the Goddess must dwell,
 Together with truth in a bottomless well.

He sought thro' the Navy, and Army, and Bar,
 But CONTENT was not met with in peace, or in war.
 Ev'ry age he examin'd, each sex, all professions,
 But CONTENT was not number'd among their pos-
 sessions.

He enquir'd of each nymph, whether black, brown,
 or fair,
 But was constantly answer'd, CONTENT was not there.
 Fatigu'd, and despairing the Goddess to meet,
 And without any clue to find out her retreat,

By chance he espy'd, at the side of a wood,
A lowly lone cottage, whose walls were of mud ;
Its top was green turf, and green rushes the thatch,
The door was quite plain, with a string to the latch.
In front was a field, with a small flock of sheep,
And goats at a distance were climbing the steep.
He gaz'd for a while, and was pleas'd with the spot,
Then, lifting the latch, bolted into the cot.
A shepherd was sat by a bright little fire,
Whose aspect was placid, and neat his attire.
His wife (with such looks as abundantly prove,
By silent expressions, obedience and love)
Was employ'd at her wheel...the God look'd around,
And saw with success, his enquiries were crown'd ;
For CONTENT sat betwixt them, and strove, with a
smile,
Their labours, their cares, and their time to beguile.
When the Goddess and *Hermes*, o'erjoy'd at their
meeting,
Had saluted each other, and finish'd their greeting,
Hermes ask'd with an arch, but a good-temper'd tone,
“ How long have you liv'd, pray, with Darby and
Joan ? ”

CONTENT, with a look of much mildness, reply'd,
 They've been marry'd three weeks, and I came
 with the bride ;

But from what I've observ'd, I can plainly foresee
 They cannot, for many days longer, agree :
 For madam, last night, in a petulant fit,
 Like an ill-natur'd cur, gave me warning to quit :
 And now I'm resolv'd, in the course of a week,
 To take a French leave, and new quarters go seek.

The dialogue ended, and *Hermes*, the God,
 Ty'd the wings to his shoes, and adjusted his rod,
 Gave a kisto CONTENT, and the two honest people,
 Then sprang from the ground, to the height of a
 steeple—

Join'd the Gods in a minute, and made this report,
 At the first quarter sessions, when *Jove* was in
 court.

Jove heard the detail, and was sorry he'd sent
 On an errand so fruitless, the Goddess CONTENT.
 So, *Hermes* said he, with a posse of Gods,
 Go fetch her once more to these happy abodes.

Let PATIENCE go with you, but leave her below,
As the highest felicity mortals can know.

There lives such a wonderful mixture of ills,
Which spring from their passions, their fancies,
and wills,

That CONTENT seeks admission, but labours in
vain,

Then let them have PATIENCE, and cease to
complain.

Well pleas'd with this errand, they chearfully went,
And brought back rejoicing the Goddess CONTENT.

But PATIENCE they left, by the father assign'd,
To comfort, relieve, and encourage mankind :
And if they've a wish for CONTENT, 'twill be giv'n,
When PATIENCE has render'd them worthy of
Heav'n.



WINTER.

Written on New Year's Day.

Tho' winter's dismal scenes are here,
 And gloomy looks the new born year;
 Tho' woods and fields have lost their green,
 And streams fast bound with ice are seen.

Tho' birds no longer on each spray,
 Chant forth their carols to the day,
 But hunger-pinch'd they seek their food,
 Where once the yellow corn-stack stood.

Yet shall the spring return again,
 And joy enliven all the plain;
 Stern winter's winds shall soon be o'er,
 And summer glad our hearts once more.

But when life's summer once is past,
And we each day expect our last,
Then spring on earth no more will come,
And death shall seal our final doom.

Let us be *wise* then while we may,
And learn to prize the present day !
For soon the prime of life is o'er,
And youth once gone, returns no more.

Soon shall the liveliest bloom decay,
And e'en the strongest pass away ;
Riches and honours cannot save,
Their vot'ries from the silent grave.

But mild RELIGION ! lovely guest,
Can calm each tumult in the breast ;
A life *well spent* is sure to prove
The source of JOY, of PEACE, and LOVE.

R.

AN ODE,

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF, AND HUMBL Y INSCRIBED
TO A LADY.



Recitative.

—♦—

Loud howl'd the voice of all destructive war,
And desolation swept the ensanguin'd plain;
Stern vengeance mounted on his crimson car,
And drove regardless over heaps of slain!

In vain did *Mercy*, stretch the tender hand,
And kneeling innocence in vain implor'd;
The *Giant Terror* led the cruel band,
And gave a keener edge to every sword!

Far from the scene dejected *Pity* flew,
The tear still trembling in her glist'ning eye;
So on the vi'let shines the morning dew,
Before exhal'd into it's native sky.

The lovely *EMMA*'s angel form she wore,
The sprightly look, alone exchange'd for woe;

Across her arm the plaintive lute she bore,
And thus she bade the moving song to flow.

Air.

*** O ***

Fairest, softest child of Heaven,
Peace, oh Peace! again return!
Close the wounds the sword has given,
And bid sorrow cease to mourn!

Lead the woe-worn child of anguish,
From the dreary cypress gloom;
Bid him cease, at length, to languish,
O'er the unremitting tomb.

From yon starry sky, descending,
Here come raise thy hallow'd shrine;
At the bloodless structure bending,
Freedom's vot'ries shall be thine.

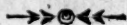
There the hardy soldier bowing,
Shall present his broken spear;
And the sword of honor shewing,
Wet the blade with pity's tear.

S.

TO A LADY,

WHO ASKED IF TIME DID NOT PASS HEAVILY,

As she thought religious people had less to entertain them than
those of the world.



Mistaken question ! what !—and can you dare
True christian's pleasure with the world's
compare ?

The sweet exalted transports of the mind,
In union with its GOD and all mankind,
Think you insipid ?—ask if worldly joys
Amuse not best the space that time destroys ?
Believe me, MIRA, if the passing hours,
Seem heavy, and if e'er my sick'ning powers
Languish for pleasure, 'tis for that alone
Felt by the Seraphim before the throne ;
On earth foretasting that eternal rest,
Which angels feel to constitute them blest ;
To walk on earth, as ENOCH did with GOD,
And tread the path that leads to HIS abode.

Let JESUS' smile exalted transports move,
Expand my heart and gladden it with love.
Your fleeting joys oft terminate in woe,—
Joys which *true christians* never wish to know ;
For real happiness we always find
The constant inmate of the righteous mind.
The fruit of Faith to true believers given,
Is peace, assurance, and a present heaven ;
A glorious earnest of our portion there,
Where love for ever consecrates the sphere.
No languid hour can expectation bring,
Hope has no doubts ;—desire, on eager wing,
Mounting to God—upborne to Him above,
Pants for the kingdom of eternal love,
Where rivers flow a pure unmingled stream
Of pleasures that derive their source from him.

G.



THE DEATH OF GENIUS.

A FABLE.

From too profuse a disposition,
 GENIUS was in a sad condition ;
 Thread-bare and tatter'd were his cloaths,
 His shoes, alas ! had lost their toes ;
 And every thing alike seem'd fit,
 To represent a needy wit.——
 Distresses now, of ev'ry kind,
 Had harrass'd and fatigu'd his mind
 To such degree, that e'en his health
 Became as distant as his wealth.——
 When folks are sick, 'tis nothing new,
 T' expect their friends, with—How d'ye do ?

Some came thro' pride and ostentation,
And some for sake of mere vexation ;
Shrugg'd up their shoulders, said—" 'tis pity ;"
As if t' insult distress were witty.

In this distress, and near his end,
Poor GENIUS lay without a friend ;
When lo ! the door wide open flew,
A bosom friend came full to view,
With silver beard, and wrinkled face,
With solemn and with certain pace ;
GENIUS well knew by his complexion,
'This was that sage, 'yclept *Reflection* !
Struck with amaze—a thousand things
(*Reflection* always with him brings)
Rush'd all at once-upon his mind,
Which drove alas ! sweet peace behind.

The next a lisping ambling dame
Came in, and *Folly* was her name ;
And instantly she sought the bed,
Where GENIUS laid his aching head.

And whisper'd something in his ear,
Which serv'd but to augment his care ;
Then, with a kiss, she sigh'd, and cry'd,
You surely can't forget your bride ?

Another now, with loud horse-grin,
Came without ceremony in——
Misfortune this ;—who thus began,
My charming youth...my dearest man ;
I wish to be your friend and guide,
Tho' *Folly* I must own your bride ;
But I, you know, was ever near,
To sooth your woe, and soften care :
Then give me no unkind reply,
With you I've liv'd, with you I'll die.
Now mad, or worse than mad, he rav'd,
And every power divine he brav'd ;
When lo ! another meagre shade.
Like some poor antiquated maid,
Advanc'd and said—behold me here,
A friend to all !...come banish care !
My name is *Hope*, have patience then,
And all will soon be right again.

Patience surviv'd till *Hope* was fled,
And left poor *GENIUS* almost dead ;
When *Death*, the only friend he had,
Thinking his case extremely bad,
Came in, and with a well-aim'd dart,
Struck him at once and pierc'd his heart.—
Misfortune, *Folly*, left his side,
And *GENIUS* in a garret dy'd.†

† It is a very just remark, that prosperity gains friends, and adversity tries them ;—but when we see (as is too often the case) folly the companion of men of genius, it is by no means to be wondered at, that misfortune embitters, or even shortens their days.



TO THE LADIES OF MANCHESTER,

Who, during the last winter so charitably employed themselves in making into Cloaths the linen and woollen cloth purchased by the Committee for the relief of the Poor; and to the INSTITUTORS and PATRONESSES of that excellent institution, known by the name of the REPOSITORY in this town.



Let grey philosophers our age revile,
And scorn the scenes which pleasure's hours
beguile :—

Paint this sad age, as dead to all that's good :—
And say that vice drowns virtue like a flood :—
That female forms, fill up each circling day,
With nought but novels, visits, routs, and play.
'Tis LIBEL all!—I'll swear the tale's not true,
For, lovely seamstresses!—I think of you.
Yours is not folly's rout, or fashion's whim,
On dissipation's wing, up-borne to skim
The poison'd beverage;—lur'd by pleasure's breath
To quaff the cup, which tempts, alas! to death :
For vice is there—Ah! no!—a different road
You seek!—BLESS'D CHARITY'S COMMUNE WITH
GOD.

“To clothe the naked,”—Heaven's high command!
From duty's post ne'er may you quit your stand;

Pleas'd, will the worthy, keep you still in view ;
 Embodied angels, we behold in you !
 E'en those above, in rapture must look down,
 Eager your brows with radiance bright to crown :
 For they, your sister-spirits, much have joy'd,
 That angel-forms, like angels were employ'd†.

Such was your task—when misery's bitter tears,
 Assail'd the poor—You chas'd away their fears,
 And sent them comforts which their cares beguil'd ;
 And many an ORPHAN, many a WIDOW smil'd,
 Cheer'd by your bounty,—whilst the shiv'ring old,
 By your industry, soon defy'd the cold,
 And bless'd the lovely hands, for them employ'd,
 Who,——best reward!——a duty done, enjoy'd.

Another charity from you then rose,
 For virtue, always from its likeness, grows.
 Nature's most finish'd work ! again you claim,
 A kindred to the skies—a virtuous fame.
 Anxious the woes of varied life to cure,
 You prove your charity sublimely pure.

† The first twenty lines have appear'd in the Manchester Chronicle, the remainder, on the subject of the Repository have been added since.

Too pure, to wound with an *obvious* dole,
 The suff'ring, generous, dejected soul,
 Which pines in secret for a fortune fled,
 With nothing left;—or but enough for bread.

In highest virtue,—oft is noblest pride,
 Nor let cold-hearted mortals, this deride.
 E'en LOVE—best sense of all!—is oft the cause
 Of breach of moral, as of human laws :
 Yet, who would say—that passion so divine—
 “ I wish the feeling never to be mine ” ?
 And pride, if absent from the human heart
 Leaves it to act the vilest, meanest part.
 'Twas given for noble purpose :—mind to raise
 To the high feeling, of DESERVING PRAISE ;
 To keep a constant watch—a waking mind—
 To emulate the best of human kind.

Minds, when thus form'd—and short of it, how
 poor !

Can never slights, and insolence endure.
 Yet such there are, who adverse fortune know,
 Whose high-toned minds but aggravate the blow ;
 Who, when pale Famine, stares them in the face,
 Must doubly feel—the want, and the disgrace.

To gain the pittance, nature's call demands,
 Could sensibility obey commands?

You, LADIES, well have answer'd, who have join'd
 To raise to comfort, many a suff'ring mind;
 Yours is the best of charities e'er given;
 You emulate in this, the gifts of heaven!
 You point the way to comfort, and to ease:—
 By *secret* influence, minds depress'd you raise.
 Unlike the fountains, proudly form'd for show,
 But like the springs, which constant, mildly flow,
 Spreading their life-fraught branches through the
 earth,

And giving nature's high-priz'd gifts, a birth.
 Your bounty "ministers to minds diseas'd,"
 And palsied energies, to hope, has rais'd;
 Pursue the plan—so delicately kind!
 So highly honour'd by the feeling mind;
 And, rest assur'd that—(if there needs a goad)
 The blessing's certain, AN APPROVING GOD. Q.

 FINIS.
